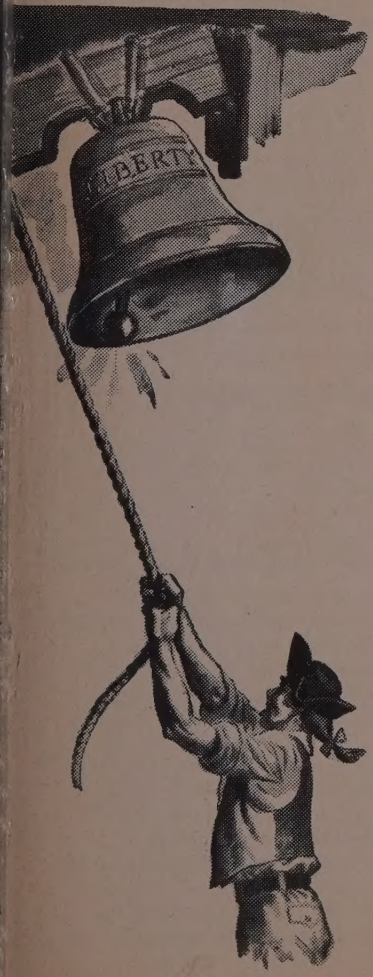
50 " year

JULY, 1944

The Liberalist

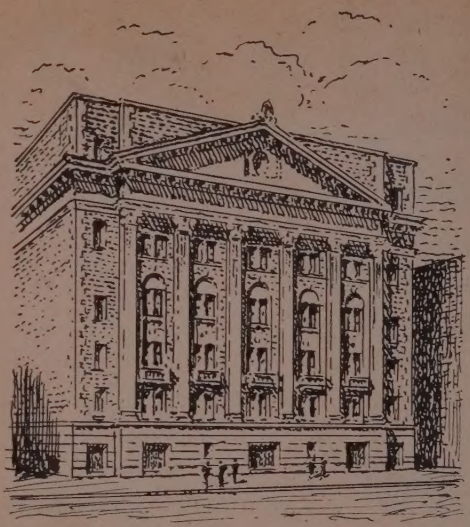
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



Americans

By HENRY VAN DYKE

AND thou, my Country, write it
on thy heart,
Thy sons are they who nobly take thy
part;
Who dedicates his manhood at thy
shrine,
Wherever born, is born a son of
thine.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

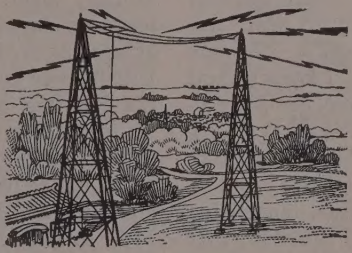
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol XXI **July, 1944** *Number 4*



Dr. Bradley's Summer Radio Schedule

WJJD—Chicago, Ill.—Every Sunday—11:00 a.m.

WLS—Chicago, Ill.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday

WHO—Des Moines, Iowa—5:30 p.m.—Monday through Friday

KSD—St. Louis, Mo.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KOIL—Omaha, Neb.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KFAB—Lincoln, Neb.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KROC—Rochester, Minn.—12:00 noon—Monday through Friday

KATE—Albert Lea, Minn. { **9:00 p.m.—Mon., Tues., Weds., Thurs.**
5:30 p.m.—Sunday

KYSM—Mankato, Minn.—8:15 p.m.—Daily

"RADAR IN RELIGION"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

IT WAS a nervous, jittery and twenty - year - younger preacher who faced this microphone for the first time on that unforgettable Sunday twenty years ago. I don't know whether there is anyone in the congregation this morning, or anyone listening, who remembers that occasion. If there should happen to be I assure you that I would be very happy to hear from you. I shall never forget it. We were meeting in the theater. I knew a great deal more, infinitely more, about everything than I know today; I was very much more certain about many controversial subjects of religion, politics, education, life, than I am now. That morning I don't think I closed my eyes after about five o'clock in the morning. I realized that I was going to broadcast and not only would I have just a few minutes to make a speech but that the entire service of the Church was to be on the air. Those were days when there was a great deal of romance attached to radio. Now, to you today, this all seems very blasé, there does not seem to be very much of a thrill of any kind in it or in broadcasting. Why, Japan, Moscow, Berlin, Johannesburg are no farther away than the ether waves of this room; they are all here, the whole world is within these four walls today, and your boy, no matter where your boy is on the face of this earth, at this moment he is only sixty air hours away from his own home; no matter where he is he is only sixty air hours away from you.

But those days, all of the achievements of modern science, in many particulars, were yet to come; they had not yet dawned. Don't some of you older men, and perhaps women, too, remember what you did on those silent nights of Mondays? The younger group and the younger listeners probably have no such memory, but when our broadcasting was new we had a "silent" night—Monday night was "silent" night always. We could not even hold a Board meeting of this Church on Monday night, several of our Board members stayed home to get the thrill of bringing in Milwaukee and St. Louis. I shall never forget what a thrill it was the first time on my Zenith radio set . . . and it was full of gadgets, you had to twist and turn eight or ten different things on the panel in order to get even a bzzzzz—and I remember seated with Mrs. Bradley in our room where we had our radio, working on this, that, and the other thing and then finally came in DENVER! DENVER, COLORADO! We looked at each other and said "What a world, what an age we are in!"

When we first started the broadcasting of The Peoples Church of Chicago, people were listening on those little sets where you had a little piece of wire like a cat's whisker and you kept it turning around until it made a certain contact —crystal sets! Why, some of you younger listeners don't even know what a "crystal set" is. Well, that was twenty years ago, twenty years, two decades in the life of a nation and the world, and what twenty years they have been!

Shortly after our Church started its broadcasting a great controversy broke out in religion. The broadcasting of our service over WJJD is now the oldest continuous church broadcast, west of the City of Pittsburgh, in this country. One other church in the United States in Pittsburgh over Station

KDKA preceded our Church on the air by about three months, but this broadcast to which you are now listening, and which has been continuous for twenty years, is now in the very enviable position of remaining continuously on the air for this long period of time, and if you will pardon the personal reference, I happen to be, and this program of this Peoples Church of Chicago happens to be, the oldest in point of years of continuous broadcasting of any program on any Chicago Station. No program, commercial or religious, sustained or of any other character, has been on a Chicago Broadcasting Station as long as this program, and we are very, very proud of holding that record.

We have gone on through good years and bad years, through peace time and war time, when days were bright and skies were cloudless, when days were stormy and thunder clouds were in the western sky. All of this could never have been done, never, without you. You, the listeners and the Church are the ones who must have all of the credit, for this broadcast is paid for at full commercial rates and costs our Church nearly $1,000.00 a month, and we never could have done it, never, without your help and your support.

In the early years of the broadcasting, a great controversy broke out in religion. As I look back and review my own intellectual development and change, I cannot recall when I was not a religious liberal. I have been a religious liberal all of my life, and in the early period of broadcasting a great controversy broke out in this nation and the reverberations of that conflict are still heard even when the overtones of a greater conflict are in the air, a great conflict between religion and science.

Many of you will recall that that conflict resulted in a definite cleavage which was characterized upon one side by a group which called themselves "Fundamentalists" and another group which called themselves "Modernists." The Fundamental group in the Christian Church had some very able leadership and very competent protagonists for the point of view incorporated in Fundamentalism. The Modernist group had an adventuresome-minded pulpiteer in the Episcopal Church and for the Evangelical branch of Protestantism there was that matchless, resonant voice that bore the brunt of the attack and still stands in his great Cathedral Church in New York City, probably the premier voice of American Protestantism, Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick. Doctor Fosdick represented the modernist position in the controversy.

As the controversy deepened in the religious life of the nation it created many heartaches and was the cause of many scars, scars, some of them, which never healed. That controversy ripened into a climactic conclusion in certain aspects with the celebrated "Scopes" trial in Dayton, Ohio, in which William Jennings Bryan became the embodiment of the fundamentalist position in the controversy over evolution. This controversy of the conflict between religion and science has continued, in some aspects, until the very moment at which I now speak, but the controversy is continued largely by those who are still sincerely emphatic in their idea of fundamentalism, as a division, as representing their emphasis. The Fundamentalists have had it all their own way, pretty largely, in radio. There are more religious broadcasts and opportunity for them because they are the type of broadcasts that are most willingly supported by listeners, and have been able to grow until one of them today has more than 300 stations and 18 foreign countries at a cost of radio time of more than a million

dollars a year, and these thousands and thousands and thousands of dollars are sent by contributors to maintain this type of broadcast which occupies more than 85 per cent of all religious broadcasting. It increases with war; the coming of war seems to give an opportunity for a certain type of person to become inspired to maintain and support a certain type of broadcasting.

Liberal religion has had no such opportunity, and it is almost phenomenal that Liberal religion, as we now find it, has any opportunity whatever because it is the great minority attitude of the people.

This controversy between science and religion, and I say this quite kindly, this contest and conflict between science and religion, to all first rate minds, does not exist. There is no conflict, there never has been a conflict between TRUE science and TRUE religion. True science deals with the construction, the constituency of the physical universe; true religion deals with the relationship of an individual soul with that universe. One has to do with the tangible material out of which a universe is physically constructed; another has to do with the relationship of that which gives meaning and value to the universe, and I submit it to you, even the most confused mind—and that is where the tragedy is, the confused minds of people who think that it is incompatible for one to believe in the physical laws and the processes that govern, determine and dictate our physical structure—that it is incompatible to believe in those laws and in those evidences and at the same time to believe in God. That has always been beyond me, for above all materialistic and all physical law stands the *ETERNAL AND CREATIVE SPIRIT OF THE COSMOS* and an individual soul, yours and mine, our relationship to that Spirit, is the very heart of religion; that is the soul of truth and it does not depend upon any concept of infallibility of the spiritual, it does not depend upon any theological distinctions in regard to transubstantiation or consubstantiation. Do you know the difference? I question whether as brilliant as this congregation is, and there is none more brilliant, whether there is any member of it this morning . . . I should be surprised if there were . . . who could give a concrete definition of the difference between transubstantiation and consubstantiation, and yet the difference between those two things *SPLIT THE CHURCH OF GOD WIDE OPEN* thirteen centuries ago in a great theological controversy which has not yet ended, a difference that today we do not understand or know. It is not a question of any kind of theories in regard to the theological background of the Bible or the teachings of Christ; there is no controversy between science and religion. Some of the most truly religious men the world has ever known have been scientists, and some of the most truly great scientists have been religious men, and I speak of *SCIENCE AT ITS BEST*, and *RELIGION AT ITS BEST*.

When man had a little world which he believed was flat, resting upon the back of a man who was standing upon the back of a turtle, and man had no conception of the cosmos, there was no astronomy, there was no chemistry, there was no electronic energy, there was no knowledge of atoms and molecules, ions, protons and electrons. Man did not even know his blood circulated; he knew nothing about chemistry of the universe or of his own body, and he built up myths and superstitions and fears, and these gradually crystallized into forms that became the basis for a supernatural conception. Then he tried to find surcease from the mental agony and worry of what the universe would

do to him in peculiarly shaped stones, colored rocks, and he created gods and goddesses and he built altars and he thought of God as an angry, vengeful God who in his anger would kill, burn, or freeze him, and he wanted to appease him, and plead with him, and beg of his God: "Do not do that to me, spare me!" and man built up a great tradition and religion that was crammed with superstitions and fears, and these superstitions and fears hang over into man's religious consciousness today until there are thousands and thousands of victims who believe still in these superstitions.

And all the time the mind of man was growing and opening up a universe, a physical cosmos, and the consciousness and awareness that he was beginning to discover and to invent; to see the operation of laws, to understand the principles back of the laws, to develop scientific knowledge, to understand what it meant to co-operate with the scientific laws rather than to fight them. Then man still elongated the opportunity of his own personality until now we have reached the period in the scientific development of man where we have come to the great principle of radar, a well established, authentic principle and even now the locked doors of the laboratory are keeping the scientists away from you and me, and justly so, for the principle and application of its fundamental law is being applied under the necessity of war and it will not be until after the war is over that the fundamental principle which is electronics beyond electronics will give to man the mastery of a great principle of power and force which the genius of his intellect will direct until the amazing achievements will make this radio a child's toy.

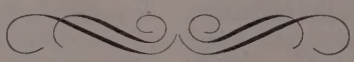
When it is revealed, a ship of 2,000 tons will leave New York harbor one of these days without a single human being on board and will carry its cargo to any port in the world safely and without accident. It will be directed by radar, while the revolution of this ray now can be swept out of a small voltage and increased in almost inconceivable numbers until it becomes the servant of the sender and strikes its object, wherever it is, and carries back again to the sender the very image of the object so that it can be seen as I see you and reveal the physical character and quality of the object itself to the sender.

Man's universe and the controversy between science and religion is not a controversy of beliefs, not antagonistic to the intelligence of God or the sovereign principle of the world; it is one where science is doing for many people what religion has never done, and all the prayers that people may say in their helplessness and illiteracy and ignorance to stop malaria, to stop yellow fever, the failure of crops, disease in the human body, science is carrying out until the conflict between science and religion is now a conflict of *results* and not of *beliefs*. We must raise and elevate and dignify our concept of the Intelligence of the Divine Creator which is vibrant in every radar ray, for there comes a time when you and I can walk with science along the way, and then something happens, science leaves us, and *WE REACH OUT TO GOD!* And great as all scientific achievement is and has been, greater still is the incorporation in our minds that above and beyond the great universe where man is mastering its physical laws is the *HIGHEST LAW ABOVE THEM ALL, THE LAW OF GOD!* That law is the *LAW OF LAWS*, and just as every law which man is now working is not merely invention . . . man did not invent radar, man did not invent the scientific law of gravitation, man is now discovering, not inventing, and that is where some

become confused. Man is not inventing these laws, man is just revealing them. The law and principle of radar is as old as God. The law and principle of man's relationship to God is the soul of religion and has to do with values. And that is why you and I in the arguments and controversies and quarrels on religion and science have been spending uselessly our energy and creating tragic hatreds and misunderstandings. My limited knowledge of science has only added to my conception of God. God, to me, is infinitely greater, infinitely more beautiful, infinitely more powerful than He has ever been in my life, and I never believed more in God. If we can only apply that, then when sorrow strikes and trouble comes and when anguish tears the soul and sorrow gnaws at the spirit we have a faith, a faith which is born of intelligence, a faith which is born of understanding, a faith in God. Then sorrow can be borne, just as two people of this Church this morning are carrying a burden of sorrow. Only just a few days ago did the telegram come from the South Pacific and another one of our boys, a boy from our Sunday school, a boy who sat in that seat on his furlough and with whom I talked, George Formanek, Jr., of this Church, is dead, killed in action, it said. Yesterday when I talked to that father there was evidence of a great faith. Today would have been George's 25th birthday.

There will be more, and I am reminded of that afternoon when the great Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus was preparing his sermon for the following Sunday, and his nephew, Andrew McPherson, 18 years of age, came into the study and asked: "Uncle Frank, what are you going to preach on Sunday?" Dr. Gunsaulus replied: "I am going to preach Sunday on the subject—'For this cause came I into the world'." And the young man of 18 sort of shrugged his shoulders and went out. That afternoon the Iroquois Theater burned and that young man was passing by, only 18 years old, and he went to work helping to bring out the dying and the dead up onto a fire escape between the upper floors across to the building next to the burning theater. He helped to carry out the people until the fire escape above him gave way and crashed to the street and he was killed. They took the young man to the hospital and just before his death his uncle, Dr. Gunsaulus, came into the room, and that 18 year old boy looked up at him and said: "Uncle Frank, I know now why I came into the world."

Life is not to be gauged by 50, 60, or 80 years. Perhaps like Lieutenant George Formanek, Jr., of this Church, we meet our high destiny at 25—"for this cause came I into the world."



Summer Address of

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley
Tower, Minn.

A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SOLDIER SON

A little over a year ago, Dr. Bradley gave a broadcast over WGN in which he read a letter from a father to his soldier son. Hundreds of requests came in for copies of this broadcast. The letter was read again at a later date and again hundreds of requests came in. Recently requests have been received at the church office.

Because this is the July issue of The Liberalist, because the entire broadcast is appropriate to the celebration of the Fourth of July, when our thoughts dwell not only on past history and on the rights of men to be free—but when we are thinking so constantly of "our boys" scattered over the face of the earth, on the outposts of the world, demanding and fighting for freedom for all men everywhere—we are publishing the entire broadcast, including the letter, so that it may be available to all who wish it. Perhaps many of our readers will wish to send it to some soldier boy.

A Broadcast by
Dr. Preston Bradley

IF EVER there comes a time in your life when you want to say the right thing, the best thing and the most helpful, it is at the time which comes all too often to American fathers and mothers just now—the time when they say goodbye to the boy or girl who leaves for the battle front or for service somewhere in the armed forces of the country. I am sure there isn't a listener who does not know someone in the service, and many of my listeners, I know, have had to pass through that agonizing experience of saying "Goodbye." One only has to pass through a railroad station to witness scenes they have never witnessed before: family groups doing their best to bear up and be brave.

Most of us want to be helpful in every way we can be just now. It is a great hour for us all, and we should be at every opportunity and in every possible way, helping each other with the burdens and sharing the load. The burdens are heavy; heavy for everyone, and out of it all will come a new understanding and a deeper appreciation of life's opportunities and privileges. I think all of us will be more careful in the future, careful in every way; careful in our thinking, in our living, in our attitude toward our fellowmen and in all the relationships of our lives. I think the chastening of these daily experiences will result in the development of finer and lovelier characters. Above all I think it will make us more sympathetic, and a true sympathy is a very constructive and manly thing.

No one of fine sensibilities can see the youth of this nation go into uniform without wanting to help them. It borders on traitordom to think of what they are doing and giving, and then for us in any way to put an obstacle in their way or to make their sacrifice useless. The common desire, it seems to me, of all of our hearts, as we see them leave our homes is, "What can we do to help them?"

One thing is very clear to me. The families who have sent their sons and their daughters into the service of our country—those families are not the ones who make the complaints at the rationing boards and at the grocery store counters. The members of those families do not appear at the table and grumble about the quality of the coffee or the shortage of sugar. Those wives and sweethearts and sisters and mothers do not complain because they can't make this or that sweet dessert, for

lack of sugar. They do not complain because they must take a street car in bad weather instead of jumping into the family car to go here or there. Those families who have sent their sons and daughters into the service we may be sure are doing everything in these days of struggle which is demanded of them and wishing they had time to do more—for the Red Cross—for the service men. They often say to me: "Oh, Dr. Bradley, I'm working at the Red Cross and I'm volunteering for duty at the Service Center, but that seems an awfully little bit to do, when Bob's out on the ocean in a cargo ship, or in a plane, or in a submarine, and I'm just at home standing around and not doing much more than I ever do." And so it is when the boys or daughters leave that we wish at that moment perhaps more than any other time we might do something, or say something helpful to them.

Recently there came to my desk one of the most beautiful letters I have ever read, and when something inspiring and helpful comes my way, my first impulse is to pass it on to you. I read it once before on the air. Down in West Frankfort, Illinois, there is an interesting newspaper published called "The Daily American." The editor of that paper is W. Hensen Purcell. His son, Wm. H. Purcell, Jr., on becoming a soldier was given these farewell words by his editor father. Perhaps you would like this broadcast to keep or read or to send to your soldier son. The father, who had known the other war, said to his boy:

"Well, Bill, your number is up. You are going to the army. There is a job —a serious, nasty, uncivilized business to be taken care of—and you have been assigned a part in it. The task is unpleasant, repulsive. The assignment is different from anything you had planned, yet it is a privilege as well as a responsibility, for only Americans, the pick of the nation's manhood, are eligible to march with Uncle Sam's citizenry and participate in this grim game of war.

"There is now but one thing to do—make the most of it. Be a good soldier. I told you as a little curly headed boy, when you started to school, that I wanted you to endeavor always to be the best in your classes. You achieved that distinction. Then when you grew up and started thinking of your first job, I told you that even though you were employed at nothing more than ditch-digging, I wanted you to be the best ditch-digger on the job. You achieved such top-rate standing in your chosen vocation. Ambition and the will to get ahead never kept anybody down. Now, as you go with millions of other fathers' sons from millions of other American homes, I want you to put all that you have into this business of soldiering. It matters not whether you ever wear bars or stars, but it is important to be a good soldier. And being a good soldier means more than drilling and marching and fighting and dying. It means living in a man's world as a man should live.

"There is an inclination on the part of too many men, once they are in the army, away from the influence of home and family and reputation, to cut loose —to go the gates. There is in the army, as in civilian life, every type of manhood and every social strata. Every man is on his own. The choice is yours. Men, like water, ultimately seek their own level. So, while in the army, don't lower your standards, Bill.

"And so I hope, Bill, you will be able to accept your lot in this grim business as just another chapter in life's exacting school of experience, and endeavor to get out of it something worth while, something that will help you in the years ahead. You can always find

something if you search for it. Never cease searching. I am saying these things to you, not because you are different from the millions of other young men who have gone and are going out to engage in this world contest in death, but because you are of my own flesh and blood; because man though you are, you will ever be that little boy of mine.

"The uniform that will shortly be put on you stands for the high and noble principles upon which this nation was founded and has since existed —principles that to much of the rest of the world are not known. It stands for freedom among men and nations; the right to live and the will to let live. It has never gone to war except in defense of the principles for which it stands. It has never gone on a rampage of conquest or oppression. That uniform, Bill, is the hope of 130 million Americans. It is the hope of civilization. Wear it with pride.

"I remember well that day, almost 24 years ago, when, while sitting in a lecture period at Camp Gordon, I was handed a telegram that announced that you had made me a father. *I* was the soldier then. You were the war baby. I remember the day, four months later, when I gazed for the first time upon your face. I remember every day of your life since that time. I shall pray every anxious day for your safe return.

"There are two things I want to give you, Bill, as you go to join other fathers' sons in this business of killing, and God forgive that which to man seems necessary. Both went with me to the army 24 years ago. One is the Khaki-covered text book on military methods and soldiering. Read its pages and endeavor to master the art of being a good soldier. It may not bring you promotions and high honors, for there are in the army, more mere men than anything else. But it will bring you the satisfaction of doing well whatever you do. It will help you to learn more quickly what is expected of a good soldier. The other, also Khaki-covered, is the Bible. Don't feel that to read it is being "sissy." There will be times when just to hold it in your hand will bring a mysterious comfort. There will be times when its nearness, and knowledge that it has stood the test of all time and countless other wars, will alleviate the pangs of longing for home; will lull loneliness for all the peaceful ways of life that have been disturbed by war.

"Rely on the Bible, Bill, for it's our hope of eternal security. Take these, Bill, and use them. Make the most of the army and come back a better man, if possible, than when you left. There is, you know, a personal, as well as a national victory to be won. And may the good God watch over you and keep you, and over those who go with you as the guardians of American freedom, until the day—and may He speed that day—when we shall thank Him for peace and a safe home-coming. So long, Bill."

* * * * *

From Thomas Curtis Clark's anthology, "1,000 Quotable Poems," Dr. Bradley then read these lines from John Oxenham's "To Whom Shall the World Henceforth Belong?"

To whom shall the world henceforth belong,
And who shall go up and possess it?

To the Great-Hearts—the Strong
Who will suffer no wrong,
And where they find evil redress it.

To the men of Bold Light
Whose souls seized of Right,
Found a work to be done and have done it.

To the Valiant who fought
For a soul-lifting thought,
Saw the fight to be won and have won it.

To the Men of Great Mind
Set on lifting their kind,
Who, regardless of danger, will do it.

To the Men of Good-Will,
Who would cure all Life's ill,
And whose passion for peace will ensue it.

To the men who will bear
Their full share of Life's care,
And will rest not till wrongs be all righted.

To the Stalwarts who toil
'Mid the seas of turmoil,
Till the haven of safety be sighted.

. . . . .

To these shall the world henceforth belong,
And they shall go up and possess it;
Overmuch, o'erlong, has the world suffered wrong,
We are here by God's help to redress it.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

RELIGION IS TIMELESS

There is a timelessness about the whole idea of religion. We are not given appetite unless we know there is something called "food."

The universality of the attribute of worship would not be in the human consciousness if there were not some objective that could be realized.

Because the appetite exists we know we need food, and man would not be constantly seeking for some relationship that will harmonize with his highest and best instincts if there were not a reality which could be realized.

Man may go by many circuitous paths toward that reality, but back of all the seeking is a predication that there is something to seek for.

It is incredible and I think highly illogical for any person to accept the theory that there is no God.

We are grateful, Eternal Spirit of Love and Light, that there are no barriers this morning to keep us from Thy presence, where we can expose our souls and our hearts, our conscience, and all we are to Thee, in our endeavor for a beautiful life of purity, of forgiveness and of love.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

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EDITORIAL

AS THIS issue comes from the press, we are about to celebrate again our Independence Day—the fourth of July. Our blessings here in America are so great that unless those who are the recipients of them are willing to assume a self-imposed disciplining, we are apt to grow calloused, and then the first thing we know, our rights are imperilled and an effort is made to destroy them. I think it is this thought which motivated the classic utterance, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The enjoyment of the benefits of democracy is so great that the tendency often is to think only of our rights. We sometimes become demanding and assertive about them. That we have certain rights is a well established fact, but it isn't enough to enjoy them complacently. We have also a sense of obligation to the community and to the nation—an obligation that requires us sometimes at our inconvenience and discomfort to espouse causes and to raise our voices in behalf of some efforts and against others which if they prevailed would destroy the very rights which we enjoy. This has ever been the difficulty in a democratic society. If we are not continuously on the alert for those influences and activities which have as their ambition the destruction of freedom and liberty for people, we will find soon our liberty gone.

Democracy does not fail. In fact, there has never been a failure of democracy yet, any more than there has of religion. These great fundamental truths never fail. It is *we* who fail them. We fail democracy and we fail religion. This means that each of us, of whatever creed or faith or race, must be constantly on guard lest special interests and particular groups attempt to create hatred and discord, and undermine the very freedom which we all enjoy. Democracy implies sacrifice as well as enjoyment. Ever since the wise and good men scattered along our eastern seaboard felt the necessity of incorporating a statement of rights into the Constitution itself, they have stood as the fundamental law of our land, the hope of all mankind. They were never more significant than in this hour. It is to be regretted that these fundamen-

tal rights, which have always been a part of our government, should be taken for granted until some great emergency arises. It is only a century and a half ago when these Amendments to our Constitution were finally adopted, and the action of the State of Virginia made these first ten amendments a part of the fundamental law of our nation. Every school child knows the contribution of Washington, and they also know that Robert Morris is largely responsible for financing the American Revolution.

With our government utilizing every opportunity in an appeal to those who share the benefits of the government to help the nation financially, public recognition should be given to men who in a similar emergency knew exactly what to do, and had the courage and patriotism to do it. They stand out with increasing lustre as examples for us today. They staked their all upon the altar of their nation. Washington had very little to gain, and everything to lose; had the colonists been defeated he probably would have died a prisoner in the Tower of London; but Lands and wealth and money they knew had only meaning when with them existed side by side freedom and liberty. That is the issue today; wealth and position have no meaning for us unless we remain free people. It was precisely this attitude that made it possible for all Americans to rally to the principle of the rights of man in this hour, and in every other, in which liberty has been assaulted and freedom assailed.

There are no rights without a corresponding duty and responsibility. The Bill of Rights does not imply, and I believe it was never meant to imply, that we are to enjoy them, demand them, possess them, without our doing something and being something to entitle us to their benefits. There have always been those who want freedom and independence and yet who never assume any obligation. We can have no liberty until we are ready to assume the responsibility of liberty. In a very true sense, there isn't any such thing as "personal independence." You may be prosperous, you may be successful, but if you are, it is only in proportion as others have helped to create your position. There is no such thing as living life victoriously alone; there is no such thing as failing alone. No one institution can fail without in turn influencing every other institution of similar character. No one can succeed in any of the professions or activities of life without directly, or indirectly, influencing every other person of similar activity. There are many people in this world who want to be free but who refuse to pay the price of freedom.

Freedom was never more costly than it is today, and it was never worth more. When you analyze the real problem of democracy down to its finality, it can be stated simply, concisely and in terms which a child can understand, for the one problem of free government is to maintain economic and industrial opportunity for all, while freedom and liberty are preserved at the same time. That is what the Bill of Rights has been doing, and that is what it will do. No one can do what he likes. Doing what we like to do is not freedom; the free man is the man who obeys the law and conforms to the principles of liberty; and in 1941 the Supreme Court of this land acted upon two different occasions in upholding the Bill of Rights, when they declared the "Okie" laws of California and 27 other states, as being wholly out of step with the Bill of Rights. These laws sought to prevent from entering the various states non-residents who were poor and penniless, and the Supreme Court of this nation held that the poorest citizens of this nation had a right to go

where they pleased as long as there was no violation of society's laws. And as late as the very moment when the international gangsters of Japan, acting under the command of the super-bandit of human history, were attacking our nation, the Supreme Court held under the Bill of Rights for the freedom of the press, and of speech, and that the Los Angeles Times had a right to make critical remarks on Court decisions. Where, in all the annals of dictator-controlled nations would you find the highest tribunal, in the face of an outraged public opinion, holding definitely and decisively a Bill of Rights? Nowhere, except in those nations and among those people who are grounded in the spirit of freedom. That is America's answer and that is America's hope, and that is America's way, and it is for this very thing that Americans are willing to die.

We are all weavers on the loom of the years, and the pattern before us, established by wise and devoted men, to the ideal of freedom, is still on our loom. We shall weave that pattern, each one of us, carefully, nobly and heroically. For this purpose did America come into existence; for this purpose do we live. It is more valuable to us than any other thing, and any man or any nation which believes that any nation can destroy us, need only to wait for America's answer. Let us never forget this on Independence Day, which the nation observes this year with a deeper affirmation of our freedom than ever before, and gratitude to the thousands of our boys fighting and dying for freedom in the outposts of the world.

P.B.

BOOK CHATS

IN APRIL there was published by the Westminster Press, a little book which I wish everyone might read. The book is by Chaplain Eben Cobb Brink and is entitled "And God Was There."

It is much too early for the full impact of this war to be felt against the creative sensitiveness of novelists, poets and musicians, but some of the Chaplains, who are the closest to the men in the many relationships are not waiting for perspective, but are giving us, out of the white heat of experience some very valuable impressions. They are not concerned with the ideology of the war, the diplomatic or international backgrounds involved, but they are living through the actual and horrible experiences of the fury of war.

This little book which came to my study table is one of the most significant and indicative which has come my way out of this war. There is no platitudinous and bromidic kant and no effort at theological deductions, but a straightforward, basic and vital portrayal of how men react and respond in the unutterable agony of war.

The author received his ministerial training at Hamilton College, Clinton, New York and at Princeton Seminary, and before the war held pastorates at Hawley, Pennsylvania and Pitman, New Jersey. As a captain with the 81st Armored Reconnaissance Battalion of the First Armored Division, he was with his men in Ireland and England, through the Tunisian campaign, and served for a time as Chaplain of the

45th General Hospital somewhere in Africa. Later he was transferred to the Italian front.

The story which he tells in this book is largely based upon the experiences in the African-Tunisian campaign. For anxious parents and friends of the men at home, here is a revelation of a rekindling of faith such as has not yet been given us.

The incidents are not unusually spectacular and not nearly as dramatic as some of the better known experiences of men on life-rafts or in foxholes, but they are none the less important. Some of them are probably such that the men themselves would not re-tell them, but cumulatively they indicate the pattern which, irrespective of a man's personal, religious and racial loyalty would evidence the discovery of a great and abiding faith in God.

Of all the similar books of which I know that have been written in this war, this is the book that I would recommend unreservedly as the finest and the best.

* * *

We are all indebted to Henry Holt & Company for the Holt Series of Musical Biographies, and now that debt is increased by another in the series, entitled "On Wings of Song," the story of Mendelssohn, by Dena Humphreys, attractively and artistically illustrated by Phyllis Cote. There aren't very many modern books about Mendelssohn. There are many legends and stories about him.

We rightly demand of those who write biography that their facts be unquestioned and undeniable. Dena Humphreys in this book has gone to original sources and the reader may depend upon the accuracy of the factual matter which she incorporates in her book. These facts are all woven in this biography until the effect has the charm and delight of a novel.

The short life of Mendelssohn, from 1809 to 1847, the beginning of his composing at a very early age and acclaim throughout the world at 17, give the talented biographer an unusual opportunity. Not only is his genius as a composer and musician etched with brilliant precision, but his own warm and affectionate nature is recorded as a revealing part of his genius.

His friends were many, and the most famous people of his day, Goethe, Queen Victoria, Jenny Lind and many others esteemed him as much for the greatness of his personality as for his unusual musical gifts. To Mendelssohn more than any other must the credit go for bringing again into life and recognition the great choral works of the immortal Bach, which had long been slumbering.

Whether you are especially devoted to music or not, this delightfully written biography has a literary charm which lovers of good reading will find irresistible. The book is a definite contribution and will result in a deeper appreciation of one whose music still delights and soothes the fevered brow.

* * *

I am going to introduce you to one of the finest of our American writers—Donald Culross Peattie and his latest book "Journey Into America." The charm of his personality and the constructive and creative attitude of his thinking grows upon me with every book which he publishes. I have in my library everything which he has in print. You remember his "An Almanac For Moderns," and his very well known and lovely "Singing in the Wilderness," his "Green Laurels," "Flowering Earth," and then one of the most pretentious and valuable of all, "Audubon's America," while his enchanting book "The Road of a Naturalist" has a permanent place in American litera-

ture, as indeed have all of his books. He has also made definite contributions in his biographical studies, revealing understanding and comprehension of several of this nation's great.

Mr. Peattie has illuminated and interpreted the beauty of earth and sky and sea in a score of volumes which are loved and cherished by naturalists, scholars, poets and all who lóve good literature and great books. He has the vision of the poet and the scientific method of observation and classification. He has gone up and down this land, back and forth, north, south, east and west, appraising our people, our land, our condition, our circumstances, with his fine analytical powers of observation, and with a kindly sympathetic appreciation of our difficulties, but also with a quiet confidence that there is something superbly beautiful and enduring in the American life and tradition. His work has a timeless quality and as a stylist he ranks with the best American writers. His diction is impeccable and there is a smoothness and restfulness about him which indicate great reserve strength and understanding. He has put as much of the very essence of this America into his book as you will find within the pages of any book I know. He recreates the throbbing, pulsating, breathing, living past. We hear the Liberty Bell ring joyfully for the surrender of Cornwallis, and muffled for the death of Washington. With Thomas Paine we look across the frozen Delaware on the night before Trenton, and then we better understand the rights of man and the Declaration of Independence. We sit around a table during a hot summer in Philadelphia, while a very human group of men hammer out the Constitution of the United States. We see Washington leave his mother for the wars and later forsake his loved acres to weld together a new nation. We are with Daniel Boone's daughter when she is captured by the Indians; with rough Jim Bridger and soft-spoken Kit Carson as they leave their mountain men in quest of beaver and guide the first settlers across the trackless prairies. In the towns rather than in the great cities does Peattie seek the roots of America; old towns as diverse as salty, windswept Marblehead and gentle Harrodsburg, hewn from the wilderness still ringing to the democracy of the axe. "I have stories to tell," he says, and as often as not they are stories seldom told before: of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, missionaries who grew beyond their calling and in death opened a gateway to Oregon; of John Wodehouse Audubon, forgotten son of a famous father; of living men who fought in the Argonne and whose sons are today fighting around the earth. For to him the past is as alive as the present.

"Journey Into America" is a book which no one can read without a better understanding of what happened, and of the relation of the significance of what did happen to what is happening. When more of us are able to think of the past as not something which is gone and finished and of no more importance, but that every step of the way has a direct relationship to the present, and is a part of the present, then we will all have a better comprehension of the meaning of this hour and what it portends for the future. More vital than any doctrine is the record of what actually happened, the story of how we became what we are. Such is the theme of "Journey Into America," one of the fine books of this hour, written by a great writer, Donald Culross Peattie.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

TO RETURN in the springtime to our Island home is always a happy experience and this year it was specially so, for after having a late, wet spring in Chicago, it was a joyful thing to arrive, following a rainy day and night en route, to find warm air, brilliant sunshine and blue sky! Only a few miles before reaching Lake Vermilion the rain had ceased, the clouds parted like a curtain drawn back, disclosing the glorious blue we never see elsewhere, and the sun shone forth! Trees were in small leaf—many only in bud—spring had not advanced very far in this North Country. But in two days the miracle had happened —the growth could be noticed actually by the hour—and everything unfolded into full leaf. Perennials grew inches overnight in the garden—and began to show buds.

Birds were singing the day long, while deciding which of our many bird houses they would settle in for the season. "First come first served" seems to be the rule. Those preferring to build their own took considerable time and trouble choosing the exact bush, tree or branch. It was fascinating to watch them. Now the lady birds are "setting" in each little home and the "papas" attentively bring them food (bring home the groceries as it were!). Yesterday we spied a little song-sparrow on her nest between a rock and the trunk of a huge birch tree near the rock-garden, snug as could be—and when she left the nest for a few moments to stretch her wings—we saw there were five little speckled eggs!

For two weeks after my arrival the weather was heavenly—everything was so beautiful—the tender blue of the sky—the lake reflecting every billowy cloud—the air so soft, warm and sweet with the scent of young green tips on every balsam branch—of pine needles and cedar—of newly dug earth in the gardens and fresh green growing things! It seemed like a different world! Oh, but it was inexpressible pleasure to me to be out-of-doors after being housed-in all winter.

While Anna did the real work in the garden I sat on the sidelines in the sunshine with the planting notes and plans I had made, and hours passed with remarkable rapidity while we discussed changes here and there and saw with the "inner vision" all gardeners have—the garden complete, in full gloom, as we hope it will be! This garden-making time is a delightful, wholesome, healing experience to body and soul!

After two weeks of superb days the rains descended and have continued—daily—nightly—almost hourly—to descend! We were thankful the gardens

were finished, flowers and "victory."

The sun shone the day the Doctor came, June 12th, for which I was thankful. And what a happy time we had celebrating his arrival and my birthday (the latter postponed a few days) with a chicken dinner and birthday cake, and talking over all the happenings! Of course it was before Doctor came that we had turned on the radio one morning at 8:30, and to our amazement the news came of the invasion! My emotions would be impossible to put into words. Amid prayers and tears, excitement and a sense of exaltation—if it could be called that? —I stayed glued to the radio all of that Tuesday and long into the night. Knowing that Doctor was scheduled to be in Waterloo, Iowa, on that date, I wondered, immediately I heard the news— about the Church doors being opened on "D-Day" as he had planned they would be. I knew he wanted to be in his Church more than any other place on that day—to meditate—to pray—to speak a few words of comfort and encouragement to those who came in. I have since learned that the Church was open and lighted, and people came and went all day and evening—a good many coming early on their way to work. Some sat only a few minutes—others longer—in silent prayer and thought,—mothers—fathers—wives—whose dear ones are "over there." Some went up on the rostrum and knelt before the Honor Roll bearing the name of *their boy* (there is an Honor Roll on either side). May all this anguish and suffering soon be healed by Peace!

I must remember we have the Mail Bag to look into, so perhaps we had better be about it.

Here is a letter of appreciation which I think is specially expressive of the help Doctor is giving in large measure. Esther Gehlhoff writes:

"Dear Doctor Bradley: — I have written this letter a thousand times—in my mind, but knowing that you are an extremely busy person, I hesitated to send a written expression of my appreciation. Your broadcasts give me such a 'lift' that when I am compelled to miss one, I feel that I am missing a very important vitamin. Your talks, however, do not give me a mere spurt of spiritual 'pep'—they stay with me. I review them constantly in my mind and try to apply them to my daily life. I learn something from each, and am constantly urging other people to listen to them—I want to share the good with them.

"You have opened my mind to many things, and I thank you. And now, I wonder if I may have a list of the twenty-five books which, you said, make up an adequate library. Thank you for so much. Esther Gehlhoff."

* * *

Mrs. Marguerite Schultz, our loyal friend and church member who faithfully, rain or shine, is in her place at the table beneath the pulpit every Sunday to take in shorthand every sermon Dr. Bradley preaches, later transcribing them stenographically for Doctor's files, and for these publications, sent him a note of congratulation after the closing service. Doctor very much appreciated this friendly expression—and so do I, as she kindly includes me! Her letter follows:

"Dear Doctor Bradley:—What a splendid congregation you had yesterday, how attentive and appreciative; I am not surprised that you were inspired to thrill them and give them courage and strength, which vibrated throughout that auditorium like a veritable visible force. I can still feel the effects of it, and many spoke to me about it after the service who felt they would not join the throng who were there to speak to you, out of consideration for you.

"Just a line to wish you a happy and restful summer as well as to Mrs. Bradley and other members of your family who may be sojourning with you. I got news of Mrs. Bradley from Mr. Griffin at the Players' Center recently when my sister and I attended their play. Please extend my heartfelt good wishes for her continued improvement in health and tell her that I think of her *very* often.

"Mrs. Fay joins me in all good wishes. Sincerely, M.A.S."

* * *

I am going to give you some excerpts from an interesting letter written by a gentleman in Creston, Iowa. He doesn't see why some of the "slams" given the "gay nineties" should not be given the "Bare Skin Forties." Good idea! Here is his letter in part:

"Dr. Preston Bradley. Dear Sir and Brother:—If everyone who listens to your radio talks enjoys them as much as I do, it would mean that each of us should be elevated to a high plane of thinking and, in consequence, be better citizens of our U. S. A. The letter you read last night, in which the writer made such a vicious attack on our beloved Lincoln, could, without very much trouble, be made by a pro-Nazi, for surely any man who makes such thoughts public is not a loyal citizen.

"After more than 37 years of married life, my dear wife was called to her Heavenly Home on February first, and the radio having been of great comfort and a source of enjoyment to her, I want to thank you for your talks, which gave her a part in the great subjects you handle in language that common folks can understand. It is very hard for me to write the personal pronoun 'I', for in all such letters as this one it was always 'We', before she went away.

"Dr. Bradley, I am past 69 years of age, and my wife and I belonged to the horse and buggy days and the nineties, and these facts *I am very proud to write*. Not any motion picture we see advertised, or any vulgar slur from the mind of pin-headed radio script writers, but what makes ridicule, of the very nasty kind, of these days. We have resented the phrase 'the gay nineties', and cannot see why, as a substitute, those who want something to make a vulgar target of, cannot say something about the 'Bare Skin Forties'.

"If you have time to read this, will be thankful for the time you have given; if it goes into the 'large waste basket', thank you anyhow. Very sincerely, Paul S. McGuffin."

* * *

And now we must close the Mail Bag. We would be happy to hear from you during the summer—more than ever these days, weighted with anxiety and sorrow.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

May 15th to June 15th

MAY

15—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.

16—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.

Address. Western Unitarian Conf. Detroit, Mich.

17—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.

18—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Address. Fairfield High School, Fairfield, Iowa.
19—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
21—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Memorial Service, Forest Home Cemetery.
22—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Commencement Address. High School, Monticello, Ill.
23—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Cutting five radio records.
24—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Address. Napanee High School, Napanee, Ind.
25—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Cutting five radio records.
Address. Fathers' and Sons' Dinner, Peoples Church.
26—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Cutting five radio records.
Address. Sandwich High School, Sandwich, Ill.
28—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
29—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Address. Ad. Post American Legion, Sherman Hotel.
30—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transmission.
31—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations. Elec. transcription.
Cutting five radio records.
Address. Ill. Masonic School for Nurses, Scottish Rite Cathedral.

JUNE

1—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Western State Teachers' College Commencement. Macomb, Ill.
2—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Conference. Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination.
Cutting five radio records.
Address. High School Commencement, Warsaw, Ind.
4—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Dedication of Memorial Plaque for H. John Tinling.
5—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Wayland Jr. College Commencement, Beaver Dam, Wis.
Board Meeting. Peoples Church.
Cutting six radio records.
6—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. YMCA 100th Anniversary, Waterloo, Iowa.
7—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting 7 radio records.
Address. Retail Coal Merchants Assoc., Morrison Hotel.
8—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting 5 radio records.
Address. Alumni Assoc. Banquet, So. Ill. Normal Univ., Carbondale, Ill.
9—Radio Address. Elec. transcription. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Commencement, Southern Ill. Normal Univ.
10—Address. Sportsmen's Dinner, Lake Shore Club.
11—Address. Church School of Religious Education, Peoples Church of Chicago.
Sunday Morning Service.
Address. Dedication of Memorial Plaque to Charles C. Crane.
14—Address. Flag Day Celebration, Elks Lodge, Memorial Bldg., Hibbing, Minn.

Christenings

MAY

28—Kathleen Diane Rutter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rutter.
William Henry Yokas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yokas.

JUNE

11—Roberta Ruth Schnorr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schnorr.
Dorine Ann Christ, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Christ.
Mrs. Lucille Isabel Draper.

Weddings

MAY

27—Walter Russell and Bonnie Wright

JUNE

3—Charles Pankonin and Ella F. Lederer

4—John Arthur Ericksen and Ada F. Gilbert

7—Dr. A. M. Parker and Ruth Pruvis

JUNE (contd.)

7—Guy E. Mack and Virginia Canfield

Andy Macabeo and Anna Kusch

10—Albert Lacock and Florence Lacock

11—John W. Haubner and Margaret Fox

Funerals

MAY

20—Mrs. Helen Jacobs

27—Fanny C. Hanson (102½ yrs.)

29—George A. Nixon
Lottis Woodley

31—Mrs. Margaret Enault
Mrs. Theresa Mueller

JUNE

3—Charles Baker

4—Dedication of Memorial Plaque for H. John Tinling

7—George J. Freitag
Mrs. Myrtle Blair Rathburn

10—Dr. Gilford B. Davis

11—Dedication of Memorial Plaque for Charles C. Crane

The following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into the Church on Sunday, June 11, 1944

Mrs. Lulu Aiken
Miss Adele Anderson
Mrs. John Anthis
Mrs. May P. Bensinger
Miss Hattie Boll
Mrs. Lucille I. Draper
Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ferguson
Mr. Clarence S. Hamil
Mrs. Irma K. Henderson
Mrs. Margaret Horn Schultz
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall Junkin
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Langhoff
(from Luther Memorial Church)
Private Vincent W. Larsen
Private Sarah Parks McCord
Mr. Stephen B. McCord
Tech. Harold R. Miller
Mrs. Kathryn Miller
Mrs. J. Robert Norie
Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Pahis
Sgt. Clee S. Post (Somewhere in China)
Miss Lucille Robertson
Mrs. Helen A. Slaughter
Mr. Harold E. Steele
Mrs. Anna L. Van Tellinger
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Waedekin

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street Whitehall 5257

✦ ✦ ✦

(There will be no activity of the Uptown Players during July and August)

✦ ✦ ✦

SEASON 1944-45

"QUIET SUNDAY" Marion Guyton and E. Virginia Smith
"PORT OF CHICAGO" Alice Gerstenberg—Herma Clark
"FOOTLIGHTS AND FANFARE" Original Musical Revue
"A PRINCE OF A FELLOW" Mary Blum
"UNCLE VANYA" Anton Chekhov
"TAMING OF THE SHREW" William Shakespeare
"LONDON TOWN" Alice Gerstenberg
And two current Broadway releases

✦ ✦ ✦

Become a part of Chicago's only creative theatre by securing a patron membership now!

The Uptown Players, soon to begin their 20th year in the midwest, will open their fall season with "Quiet Sunday" by Marion Guyton and E. Virginia Smith—a mystery drama—under the personal direction of J. Bradley-Griffin—Sept. 15th.

Ten Celebrity Teas to be held one Sunday each month. Their purpose, to bring together patrons of the theatre, a prominent star of a current production in the City, and friends of the cast of The Uptown Players.

As a patron of The Uptown Players, your admission to the Teas is assured. For the annual Patron's fee of $10 you receive in addition, a Season Ticket of 15 admissions to any or all of the productions at this conveniently located theatre—tickets which may be used any Friday or Saturday night through the theatre year, singly or in a block.

You and a fellow Patron will be given the opportunity to serve as Hostess on a given production night and also at one of the Celebrity Teas, thus becoming a permanent part of The Uptown Players in the capacity of Friend and Patron.

Your name will appear on all programs, you will receive regularly a copy of the newspaper "Curtain Call" and admission to the Children's Theatre will be available at reduced rates.

Patrons List limited to 300. Write for Request Card.

Choice seats WILL BE RESERVED FOR PATRONS at every performance.

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
H. John Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
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*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

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June 18th through September 10th—15-minute Sunday Sermon broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—November 5th to Easter ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—September to June ..... 9:30 a.m.

JUNIOR CHURCH—September to June ..... 11:00 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—November to March ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—September to June ..... 7:30 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—October to May ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—September to June ..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—September to June—1219 N. LaSalle Street ..... 8:30 p.m.

Third Sunday each month—Drama Tea ..... 4:00 p.m.

Fourth Sunday each month—Auditions ..... 3:00 p.m.

SUMMER ACTIVITIES

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5:30 p.m.—Sunday

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